

## Flee From the Wrath to Come.

It is a great and good thing to be withheld from sin by whatever motive; it is a fine point from which to start in the pursuit of that holiness without which, we are told, no man shall see the Lord. Let me beseech of you again and again carefully to remember—I care not for repeating, if I can but make you remember—that the alone question, which is of real worth to an individual, has to do with his being or his not being a new creature; and this question is to be tried as a question which relates to an effect rather than as a question which relates to a cause. It is not, “What has changed me?” but, “Am I changed?” never mind when or where, or how. Go simply to the fact, “Am I changed?” And so long as you can find evidences of a spiritual change, evidences that “old things are passed away, and all things are becoming new,” it cannot affect your safety, it ought not to affect your comfort, whether you began in religion by meditating the exceeding love of God, and feeling the heart soften at the sight of a dying Redeemer, or whether your first sentiment were one of horror at the prospect of hell, and your first impulse that of flying from your Maker as armed for your destruction. Oh, that you might all be stirred by a dread of the Almighty! Men, brethren, and our fathers, I announce to you the judgment to come: it shall break upon the earth, that day of wonder and of terror, when from the sea and the mountain and the desert shall swarm the buried families of human kind, and the dead, small and great, shall stand before their God; there shall be no shelter for the proud, no mark for the hypocrite, no standing-place for the presumptuous. Is there one amongst you who trembles at the thought of appearing before God; appearing as a sinner with the burden of his iniquities before a Being who is of purer eyes than to pass by transgression? Let that man listen; we seek to persuade him: God hath “found a ransom,” God hath made “Him to be sin for us who knew no sin, that we might be made the righteousness of God in Him.” There is the Sacrifice, there is the Substitute. O sinner, close at once with Christ as a Saviour, and thou shalt have no cause to fear Him as a Judge when He “shall come in the clouds of heaven in His own glory, and in His Father’s, and of the holy angels.”—*Melville.*

Love cares not what it is nor what it does, so that it may but advance the Lord Jesus. It makes the soul willing to be a footstool for Christ; to be anything, to be nothing, that Christ may be all in all.

## THE PROGRESSIVE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

Our knowledge of Christ is somewhat like climbing one of our Welsh mountains. When you are at the base you see but little; the mountain itself appears to be but one half as high as it really is. Confined in a little valley, you discover scarcely anything but the rippling brooks as they descend into the stream at the base of the mountain. Climb the first rising knoll, and the valley lengthens and widens beneath your feet. Go up higher and higher still, till you stand upon the summit of one of the great roots that start out as spurs from the sides of the mountain, you see the country for some four or five miles round, and you are delighted with the widening prospect. But go onward, and onward, and onward, and how the scene enlarges, till at last, when you are on the summit, and look east, west, north, and south, you see almost all England lying before you. You see a forest in some distant county, perhaps two hundred miles away, and yonder the sea, and there a shining river and the smoking chimneys of a manufacturing town, or there the masts of the ships in some well-known port. All these things please and delight you, and you say, “I could not have imagined that so much could be seen at this elevation.” Now, the Christian life is of the same order. When we first believe in Christ, we see but little of him. The higher we climb, the more we discover of his excellencies and his beauties. But who has ever gained the summit? Who has ever known all the fulness of the heights, and depths, and lengths, and breadths of the love of Christ which passeth knowledge? Paul, now grown old, sitting, gray-haired, shivering in a dungeon in Rome, he could say, with greater power than we can, “I know whom I have believed,” for each experience had been like the climbing of a hill, each trial had been like the ascending to another summit, and his death seemed like the gaining of the very top of the mountain, from which he could see the whole of the faithfulness and the love of Him to whom he had committed his soul.—*C. H. Spurgeon.*